

THE CARBON NEWS

VOL. 1, No. 28

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, January 27th, 1921

HUBERT PETERS, EDITOR

QUALITY

SERVICE

CLEARING ALL FELT SHOES

AT VERY LOW PRICES

Buy Your Wants Now

The
Coburn Store

Limited

GENERAL MERCHANT

CARBON, Alta.

After January 30th, all

WINTER HATS

will go down 10 p.c. for a clearing out for the Spring Hats.

SPATS worth \$2.75 for \$2.50. SPATS worth \$2.50 for \$2.25.
Why send for goods when you can buy cheaper at

MILLINERY STORE

C. C. TURCOTTE, Proprietor

EVERYTHING CHEAPER

AT

WILSON BROS.

STORE

BAKERY IN CONNECTION
WITH TORE

Town Topics

MORRISON-KETTLESON

Friday evening, Jan. 19th, the marriage of Miss Valbury Ida Kettleson and Mr. Frederick J. C. Morrison, both of Carbon, was solemnized by Rev. A. C. Wishart, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, at his residence. Mr. Morrison is a veteran who served in 46th Battery in France, where he won the Military Medal. After a short honeymoon spent at the coast Mr. and Mrs. Morrison will take up their residence here.

Mr. J. McDonald is now getting up a new barn and a well, which will help the people of Carbon for water.

We are glad to announce that we have electric light in Carbon and some of the street corners are light up by the Carbon Fuel, Power & Light Co.

The same company are erecting a big building, covering 4 lots, opposite the Carbon Garage, to be used as a Hardware Dept. for Miners Supplies.

This Company has also struck coal at a depth of 65 feet and expect to push ahead as fast as possible in order to ship coal from here.

Mr. Henderson, the president of the Company is here for a few days.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. H. Thorburn is sick, with tonsillitis.

One of the men at camp 5 was blown to pieces. The rumors are that he was warming some dynamite on the stove.

We have just been advised that the Alexandra Cafe has changed its name to the 'Alexandra Tea Room.'

Instead of serving meals the management wish to announce that Light Lunches, Tea and Ice Cream will be served.

You are invited to try the dainty lunches prepared by Miss A. Shale and Mrs. F. W. Freeman.

Music and Dancing Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

EXTRA SPECIAL SHOW

Tuesday, Feb. 2nd.

Tsuri Aoki

THE BREATH OF

THE GODS

This is an Extra
Special Picture

Don't Miss It

Price - - 75c.

THE

FARMERS' EXCHANGE

EVERYBODY'S STORE

See our Bargains in

Boots & Shoes

on Display.

The Prices will Astonish You

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE

GENERAL MERCHANTS
CARBON

CARBON MEAT MARKET

FULLER & HARPER

All kind of Fresh and Cured Meats and Fresh Fish
Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.
Pork Sausage fresh daily.
Dealers in Cattle and Hogs.

We are prepared to furnish you any Building Materials,
and we solicit a call at the Office to talk over
your Plans. Now is the time to prepare
for your yearly needs in our line.

IMPERIAL LUMBER YARDS LTD.

R. S. SHIELDS,

Local Manager

For Satisfaction in Quality and
Prices you cannot do better
than consult

CROWN LUMBER CO.

We carry a Full Line in
Building Material
Plans and Estimates Free

C. THOMPSON, Manager

It is packed to please
and serves its mission

"SALADA"

is used in millions of teapots daily.

Send us a postal for a free sample. Please state the price you now pay and whether Black, Green or Mixed Address Salada, Toronto.

B722

Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

Found Dead in Office

Charles Hill, manager of the Craik Lumber Co., was found dead in his office a few mornings ago, when his assistant came to work. It is believed that Mr. Hill was the victim of an accident. It appears that on the previous evening he had borrowed a rifle from Frank, saying he wished to use it to kill a fox and it is presumed that in cleaning the rifle it accidentally discharged and the bullet lodged in the head of the deceased. Mr. Hill was well and favorably known in Craik and for a number of years had been manager of the Craik Lumber Co. He leaves a widow and a grown up family of four children.

Balloons Welcomed in Toronto

The C.N.R. train from Cochrane, with Lieuts. Kloor, Hinton and Farrell, the American naval balloonists on board, was an hour and forty minutes late in arriving in Toronto, which fact interfered with the arrangements for their reception. They were motored to the Aero Club where tea was served. There was nothing formal in their reception.

Fined for Keeping Liquor

The proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Fleming, appeared before A. C. Sarvis, J.P., at Moosomin, a few days ago, charged with keeping intoxicating liquor with his soft drinks. Accused pleaded guilty and was fined \$200 and costs and in default of payment, two months' imprisonment. The fine was paid. The charge was laid by Provincial Constable Ballon of the Moosomin detachment.

M. P. Barracks in Quarantine

A constable of the N.W.M.P., Regina, has contracted smallpox and the Mounted Police Barracks have been quarantined. The case has been sent to the city smallpox hospital and the rest of the several hundred mounted policemen in barracks have been vaccinated. A young woman also recently arrived in Regina from Seattle some days ago with smallpox in the rash stage. She was taken ill on the train and immediately on arrival in the city was taken to the pest house. Dr. Morrison states that the case at the barracks is a very mild one. The city now has twelve cases of smallpox isolated.

Airship Route to Oilfields

Major Jenner of Vancouver, and Major Wollan of Los Angeles, are on their way to Edmonton to select sites for their airdromes. There are plans to put into operation from Edmonton to Fort Norman, a huge dirigible airship capable of carrying 32 passengers and five tons of freight. The officers have the dirigible now under order from New York and hope to have the ship in operation by March in time for the first of the rush to the Fort Norman oilfields.

Earthquake in California

A sharp earthquake shock was felt at Willows, California, lasting about three seconds, recently. Many sleepers were aroused but no damage was reported. A similar shock was felt on December 29.

Accident at Fort William

Ernest Poole, aged thirty-five, was found dead last week in the shops of the Canadian Car and Foundry, by fellow workmen. Examination showed that his neck was broken, but how the accident which caused his death occurred is still a mystery. It is conjectured that he may have been struck by a locomotive which had been taking cars out from the shop.

Cool Welcome for Mennonites

The New York Sun comments on the reported exodus of 30,000 Mennonites from Manitoba to the state of Mississippi:

"A solid group of 30,000 persons whose adherence to their peculiar religious tenets makes them claim immunity from the plain duty of a citizen as recognized by those of sincere good faith and intelligence may not strike citizens of the United States as a valuable acquisition for any particular state. Especially in Mississippi citizens may demand that the would-be immigrants make a cogent demonstration of their actual worth as citizens or residents."

Plunged to Death from Tower

A woman visitor to Westminster Cathedral in London some days ago, fell 300 feet from the campanile (St. Edward's Tower) and was killed. She later was identified as the Portuguese Countess Da Ribiera Grand, who had been missing from a Chelsea nursing home where Count Grand also resides. The top of the campanile is protected by a stone wall four feet high and a metal guard rail. This is the first accident since the tower was erected. In the same 200 people ascend it daily. The body was found on a small balcony below and every bone was broken.

Taxi Robbers Arrested

In the provincial police court Jack Holgate and Edward Ross were sent up for trial in connection with the holdup and robbery of a taxi driver east of the city Monday afternoon. The boys who are seventeen years of age, were arrested at Leduc while making for the southern boundary with the sedan Studebaker car which they had taken from the driver.

A New Species

It is reported that Charlie White of Aylmer, Ont., has shot a strange creature, part rabbit and part deer, something like the fabled Echipus that galloped over the earth centuries ago. It is of an enormous size for a rabbit, being nearly three feet long, while on its head are pronged horns similar to the antlers on a small deer. Mr. White shot the animal and gave it to the Aylmer Poultry Association for exhibit. There are, however, many skeptical visitors who are convinced that both the creature and the story are fakes.

Caught in the Act

Two police officers in Saskatoon, the other night, followed a dark form up a fire escape at the rear of the Royal Bank Building and in the offices of the clearing house on the third floor arrested William Slovich, age 39, in the act of opening cash drawers and dumping their contents on the floor. Slovich will be arraigned in police court Thursday on a burglary charge.

Will Tie Up Steamers

Shipowners of Melbourne, Australia, are determined to fight the shipping strikers and will tie up their steamers indefinitely if necessary. The sailing of the steamer Makura, which has a full passenger list for Vancouver, has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the refusal of the stewards to sign for the trip.

Failed to Make Returns

For failure to make income tax returns under the federal law, six residents of Vancouver were in police court recently and ordered to pay a fine of \$100 each with the alternative of one month in jail.

Terrible Tragedy

After murdering her two year old son in the basement of their home at Sturgeon Creek, a suburb of Winnipeg, Mrs. John Young also committed suicide by hanging. Mrs. Young, it is reported, took her little son, aged two years, down into the basement, tied a rope around the child's neck and drew it up to the ceiling, then climbed into a baby carriage, tied a noose around her own neck and kicked the carriage from under herself. Insanity is believed to have been the cause. She left two letters asking for forgiveness.

Back in Berlin

Clara Zetkin, member of the German Reichstag and a Communist leader whose appearance at the congress of French Socialists at Tours two weeks ago caused a great sensation, has arrived in Berlin, it is said in a despatch from that city.

Your Grocer is Not a Profiteer

Have a heart!
Your grocer is not a profiteer!
He is passing along to you reduced prices, as fast or faster than they come to him. Just because prices on many good things are still high, don't blame him. It is usually the poorest quality of everything that shows the greatest decline.

If he is as good a man as the average, your grocer is still doing his utmost to give you the best value for your money. But don't push him too hard. He is only human.

You don't know, but we do, that he is recommending goods that pay him less profit than other well known brands which he might easily persuade his customers to take if he cared to do so.

We know this because he pays us more for Red Rose Tea and sells it at less profit than other teas, so when he recommends you to buy Red Rose Tea, you will know it is because he believes it the best and is willing to take a little less profit for the sake of giving you the best value he can.

We are publishing this because we believe the more our people know of the true facts concerning the profits made by those they deal with, the more generously they will be in their judgments.—T. H. Estabrooks Co., Ltd., Calgary, Alta.

Deportation of Vagrants Planned

There is to be launched in the States on January 22, a general round-up of all Oriental-ineligibles. Sweeping orders for such deportations will be issued at Washington and a special force is to be assigned to the work, Mr. Russell said.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

We will pay \$15 to \$35 weekly for your spare time writing show cards; no canvassing; we instruct you and keep you supplied with steady work. Write or call BRENNAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM, DEPT. A, CURRIE BLDG., 289 College St., Toronto.

Sinn Fein Army of 200,000

It is reported that the Sinn Fein organization has 200,000 men under arms in Ireland. This Republican army represents five per cent. of the Irish population, according to the informant. The army has military discipline, is partially uniformed and has a number of secret arsenals and armories. The Sinn Fein army of 200,000 comprises men ranging in age from 18 to 30. They pursue ordinary farm and city life, except that they are subject to call for ambush duty or secret service and weekly military lectures and drill.

Fractured Skull But Played on

Edgar D. Hawthorne, aged 23, an employee of the Royal Bank is dead as the result of being struck on the head with the puck while playing hockey. Although suffering severe pain Hawthorne continued in the game until the finish. Shortly after he became unconscious and died from fracture of the skull.

Five Year Sentence

Five years in Kingston penitentiary was the sentence imposed by Judge Gould recently in Hamilton, Ont., upon Lloyd Cooper and Jos. Penn, who pleaded guilty to breaking into the store of Peebles, Hodson & Co., and stealing \$102.

To Hold Conference

A conference of the field men attached to the field corps branch of the department of agriculture, with M. P. Tullis, field corps commissioner, is to be held at the parliament buildings, Regina. One of the purposes of the conference is to outline the coming season's work in connection with weed control in Saskatchewan.

Cure for Foot and Mouth Disease

It has been discovered by a commission of French experts that there is a serum for the protection of foot and mouth disease, but it is impossible to manufacture the serum in sufficient quantities to inoculate all cattle against the plague. Attention is now being given to increasing the production of the serum of which there is only enough to inoculate the prize cattle and valuable animals of the world.

Reduced Rent

There have been many stories of the unfeeling methods of landlords, but just to prove that there are exceptions to every rule, we relate the following: In Regina last week, one of the beneficiaries of the unemployed fund with a wife and large family, residing in the east end of the city, met his landlord on the street. The landlord inquired after the welfare of the man and was told that he was still out of work. "Your rent is reduced \$10.00 per month for the next three months," said the landlord, who is himself a working man of small means.



Prevent Falling Hair With Cuticura Shampoos

The first thing to do in restoring dry, thin and falling hair is to get rid of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Scalp Itch, Ointment 25¢ and 50¢. Talcum 25¢. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyons, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Drop in Price of Fish

Fish prices on the Bonsecours market, Montreal, have dropped several cents during the past week and had-dock, pike and dore are now to be had for two or three cents a pound cheaper. An especially good catch is given as the reason for the decline. A cut of twenty-five cents a gallon has also been made in the price of oysters.

Ever-Ready Company to Announce Prizewinners

Regina dealers of the Ever-Ready Flashlight have received word that the names of the one hundred and four winners in the contest which took place during June and July last year, will be announced on February 1.

A large number of entries for this contest was received from Regina. More than 350,000 answers were sent in from the entire country. The award of the grand prize of \$3,000, with other prizes totalling \$10,000, has been eagerly awaited. One contestant cabled his answer from abroad; another got on the train and went several hundred miles to present it in person. The names of the winners will be displayed in Regina, during the week of February 1-8.

Did Not Steal Bonds

John Doughty, in replying to the charges made against him of stealing and kidnapping recently in the county criminal court, Toronto, pleaded "not guilty" in each case. His trial in connection with the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small was postponed three weeks at the request of his counsel, J. F. Hellmuth, K.C.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

Send for this Book It's FREE

IT will surprise you to learn what the farmer can do with Concrete—and how easy it is to do it. With the aid of our book anyone can build, or have built, such money-saving improvements as water troughs, culverts, foundations, feeding floors and root cellars.

Three hundred dollars a year loss from manure waste, is a conservative estimate for the average farm that has never provided a proper Manure Pit. To avoid this loss—to conserve the manure, store this valuable fertilizer in Concrete.

Full directions for building a Pit such as that pictured above, are given in our free book. Such a Pit will pay for itself in fertilizer saved, in one season.

Ask for Canada Portland Cement, the uniformly reliable brand. It can be secured from more than 2,000 dealers throughout Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, write our nearest sales office.

Canada Cement Company Limited

650 Herald Building Montreal

OFFICES AT
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Calgary

**CANADA CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE**

Send me your Literature

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
No. 650.

Now is the Best Time to have your Kalsomining and Papering done. It will cost you much less than if you wait until Spring.

Out of town work receives prompt attention

Albert Heys

Painter and Decorator

P.O. Box 109

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

For the past fifty-five years this bank has given particular attention to the business of Farmers. We have helped many over the rough places, and have aided many more to the highest plane of success.

We are prepared to extend you every legitimate aid in your farming operations.

Come in at any time and talk over your affairs with us. You are always welcome.

J. O. A. LETOURNEAU
LOCAL MANAGER

KODAK
DIER KISS SETS
XMAS STATIONERY
CHOCOLATES
PERFUME
MANICURE SET
EBONY SET
PURSES

SAFETY RASOR
STRAIGHT RASOR
SHAVING BRUSHES
XMAS CIGARS
XMAS CIGARETTES
CASE PIPES
CIGARETTE CASES
MILITARY BRUSHES

Genuine Victor Gramophones

and

Eastman Kodaks

REXALL DRUG STORE

F. MORRISON, Phm.B., Dispensing Chemist

Special 5 p.c. Discount on
HORSE BLANKETS
during January from

W. A. BRAISHER
SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER

DRAYING AND TEAM WORK

done by

TRUMBLAY & GRAY

Reasonable Prices and no waiting

What is the matter with Grant Thorburn these days? He has a smile that won't come off.

Corey McDonald fell off the trestle at Camp 6 the other day and sprained his ankle badly. He will be around in a few days, we hope.

Mr T. G. McQuade left for the East, this week by way of Edmonton.

Mr Arthur Fletcher has been appointed town constable. Look out boys!

Those who have not complied yet with the by-laws of the village better do it right away, as the constable, we understand, has received orders to see that they are enforced.

Mr and Mrs L. Poxon and Mr and Mrs H. Brucis are back in Carbon again.

Mr. J. Ramsay is now in Carbon. We are glad to have him back for a while.

Mrs J. J. Greenan returned from Calgary.

Mr P. Turcotte is back after spending a week in Calgary.

Mr G. McNeil is driving a Dodge Car from Carbon to Grainger.

Adam Ohlhauer has given up the idea of breaking his saddle horse to drive single and has been trying to break him to ride double. But there was nobody around with nerve enough to get on first, so he tied a sack of flour behind the saddle and got on himself. Horse and rider could be tracked by the streak of flour along the road. He refuses to be discouraged and his friends are waiting impatiently for his next trial.

HENRY LUFT

of Carbon, wishes to announce that he is starting selling Milk and Cream delivered, on Monday, Jan. 31st, the price of which is 8 qts for \$1.00 in the winter months and 10 qts in the summer months. I solicit your patronage.

CARBON HOTEL

Thirty Rooms
Electrically Lighted throughout

J. W. BAIRD, Proprietor

LOST.—One Dark-Red 2-yr old

steer. Branded Y J on left ribs. Reward of \$5.00 for information or \$10.00 for return of steer.
BRAMLEY BROS.
Carbon.

Anybody having SICK ANIMALS or being in danger will do well to let us know, as we never lose a chance to cure or heal them

ARTHUR FLETCHER

MISS RUTH ELLIOTT

A.R.L.I.

Private Maternity Home
KYFORD

Write for Particulars

AT THE

FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

Saturday, January 29th

MAE MURRAY

featuring in

THE BIG LITTLE PERSON

JOHN KANERVA

AUTO PAINTING

is our specialty. We paint your Car from \$15.00 up.

THREE HILLS PAINT SHOP

CARBON BILLIARD HALL

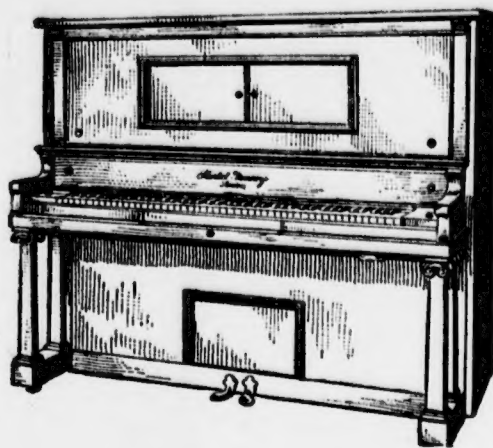
H. M. THORBURN, Prop.

has opened his new quarters next to Post Office

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO, AND PIPES

always on hand

CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS



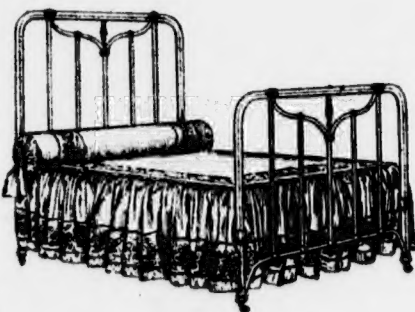
SOLD FOR CASH OR CREDIT

A Few Dining Room Chairs

in Sets of 1 Arm-Chair and 5 Chairs

FUMED OAK

To Be Sold at Cost Price



Mattresses

worth \$13.50

to be sold until January 30th at

\$10.00

Carbon Furniture Store



A Queen's Gift

"She may be a queen," said Monty, "or at least a princess."

Timmy was too young to understand much, but he had seen pictures of princesses in fairy books, so he nodded his head and looked very wise, and just then the lady came out.

"There she is!" cried Monty, running to the wire fence which divided her garden from theirs. "How do you do!"

"Good morning!" replied the lady. "Here is a rose for each of you. Somebody sent me a bunch of roses yesterday. Don't they look beautiful in December?"

"Yes," replied both children, and Timmy took Monty's hand because he felt a little shy.

"Do you take care of your little brother?" asked the lady.

"Yes'm," said Monty, "cause Mummy is busy taking care of the baby."

"Oh, you have a baby? What's its name?" asked the lady.

"Margaret and Alice," answered Monty.

"Margaret Alice Winston," repeated the lady. "That's a very nice name."

"No'm," said Monty, "Margaret Winston and Alice Winston. Our baby is twins!"

The lady laughed at that and so did Timmy, so hard that his cap fell off.

"Oh, my!" cried the lady. "If Santa Claus were to ask me what I wanted for Christmas, I'd choose those darling curls."

Timmy looked bashful and put on his cap in a hurry because Monty had often told him that only girls had curls.

"We've wrote a letter to Santa Claus," said Monty, pulling a crumpled bit of paper out of his pocket. "I guess I'll let you give it to Santa Claus because Mummy says he's so busy we have to help him and I think Mummy is busy, too, and Santa Claus oughtn't to 'spect her to help him. Will you take it to him next time you go down town?"

"Surely!" agreed the lady, taking the note.

Timmy had asked her for a bucket and spade and a sled and ever so many things that Monty couldn't spell, but Monty had asked for only one thing and that was a tool chest.

"Will Santa Claus bring us those things wif-out any help?" asked Timmy anxiously, as the two sat down to supper.

"Maybe," replied Monty doubtfully.

After supper he thought of something else he would like to have besides the tool chest, so he lay down on his stomach before the fire in the nursery and began another letter. Meanwhile Timmy was very, very quiet and Monty forgot all about him while trying to invent a way to spell bicycle. Suddenly he heard a funny little chuckle and looking around he spied his brother standing on a chair before the mirror with a pair of scissors in his hand.

"Hey, there!" he shouted. "Put down those scissors. Didn't you know you might stick out your eyes?"

"Look!" replied Timmy, and Monty looked with bulging eyes. Timmy had cut off his curls. They

lay all around him on the chair. "I'm goin' to help Santy," said Timmy.

"What you mean?" asked Monty, running over and peering curiously at his strangely changed brother.

"The queen lady choosed curls for her Christmas, didn't she?" replied Timmy. "Let's make a parcel! Let's make a parcel!"

"All right," agreed Monty. "But Mummy will feel awful mad when she sees what you done, Tim."

At that Timmy looked very sad and just then they heard their mother calling them.

"Come down, dears; Uncle Joe and Aunt Ella are here!"

"Put on your cap and keep it on!" whispered Monty, pushing Tim's cap on his cropped head.

"Don't you dast to take it off! They'll all jump on you if you do! You keep it on till your hair grows again. It won't be more'n a week, I bet."

Down ran the youngsters.

"Why, Timmy!" exclaimed their mother, "take off your cap."

"No," answered Tim firmly.

"Tim!" reproved his father.

"I have to keep it on a week," said Timmy, clasping his hands over it to keep any one from snatching it away.

"Why, how funny!" laughed Aunt Ella. "Come here, darling, and let me have it."

"No, sir!" cried Timmy.

"He has to keep it on," explained Monty.

"Tell me!" urged Dad, holding his ear down to Tim and so Tim had to tell him. Then Mummy put her ear down and heard about the curls, too. You ought to have heard her scream and seen her grab off the cap.

"Oh, you poor child!" she cried. "Your beautiful curls!"

"Boys will be boys!" said Dad.

"I was helping Santy," said Timmy, and then had to explain about the queen lady, and Mummy said: "Well, she never! And that she couldn't have all the curls."

Well, Christmas was very, very near at hand and one day the lady next door came home with her arms full of parcels. Monty and Tim were playing out front and they saw her.

"Now, give it to her," whispered Monty, so Timmy ran forward and put a funny parcel into her hand.

The lady went inside and put down her bundles, one of which was long and heavy and looked like a tool chest. Then she made a little hole in the paper around the gift Tim had given her. What she saw made her undo the string and look. There lay a mass of soft baby curls like sunshine playing over buttercups in the meadow.

"Ah!" sighed the lady, pressing them to her cheek, and as she stood she seemed to see a little face which had come and gone, leaving only a little picture in her locket.

"Thank God for Christmas time and the little children!" she murmured, and if Timmy could have seen her then he would not have known how pleased she was with her gift. But sometimes people cry when they are happy.

Linen Maids at Buckingham Palace

There are two linen maids at Buckingham Palace who are in charge of the house linen.

The linen is kept in a number of presses in one of the linen rooms. One press contains table napkins and tablecloths. Another sheets, and so on. Each morning at ten o'clock, when the Court is in residence at the Palace, the chief linen maid gives out the linen required for the day. For each article she gives out she must receive a similar article in return. For example, supposing that she gives out a tablecloth and a dozen napkins to one of the table deckers who are responsible for laying

of the Royal dinner tables, she must receive from him the same quantity of linen. In pre-war days a fresh tablecloth and fresh napkins were provided for each meal at the Royal table, but nowadays only one fresh tablecloth a day is given out. Every second day a linen basket is dispatched from Buckingham Palace to the laundry, and there are two deliveries a week of linen from the laundry to the Palace.

Opening off the linen room, there is another room, where the laundry baskets are kept and where their contents are checked on arrival from the laundry. All

the soiled linen coming into the maid's hands is at once entered up in a linen book, and the articles are then put into one of the laundry baskets. The total value of the linen at Buckingham Palace has been estimated at £7,000, but some of it is of special worth.

For example, there is the famous tablecloth made for the dinner on the occasion of the coronation banquet of Queen Anne. This cloth is now never used, but if it ever came into the open market it would probably fetch £500.

The tablecloth made for the wedding breakfast of Queen Victoria is the largest in the Royal linen presses, and has covered the Royal table when laid for 170 guests. The last time it was used was on the occasion of the state banquet at Buckingham Palace during the ex-Kaiser's visit to King George after the death of King Edward.

There was a tradition at the Palace that wine had never been spilt on the cloth, and that it foreboded ill luck to anyone who happened to spill wine on it. On the occasion of the banquet referred to one of the Kaiser's equerries upset a glass of claret on the cloth. No notice was taken of the incident at the moment, but later on, when war broke out, it was recalled and commented on in the Royal entourage.

Apart from their regular daily duties, the linen maids have to put linen covers on many articles of furniture when the Court leaves London for a longer period than a week. There are in use over fifteen hundred of these linen covers, of all shapes and sizes, and it takes the two linen maids two days, as a rule, to complete covering all the articles of furniture.

The linen maids are among the upper servants, and have their meals like others of the upper servants in a room opening off the housekeeper's room.

DO IT IN TIME

If the ordinary processes of nature were never interfered with, it would not be necessary to extract the temporary teeth. They would extract themselves at the proper time. Normally the roots are absorbed as the time comes for the eruption of the permanent teeth and the crown, or business end of the tooth is left hanging to the gum. Some day a little extra pressure removes the baby tooth and in its place there is the tip of the cusp of the permanent tooth that follows. If this natural system was always followed, a great deal of trouble would be avoided. Unfortunately, many causes operate to interfere with nature's perfect plan.

If the permanent tooth does not come directly under the temporary tooth, the absorption of the root will be either incomplete or it will fail to absorb at all. Sometimes long slivers of the temporary tooth roots are left and when the crown comes off or an attempt is made to extract, these root pieces are left to wedge in the process between the permanent teeth. This condition always results in inflammation, sometimes causes serious abscesses, and often interferes with the effort of the permanent tooth to take its proper place in the arch.

Pieces of the roots of temporary teeth should never be left in the mouth.

Temporary teeth that are abscesses should always be removed regardless of the age of the child. When these teeth are lost before the time for their permanent successor to their place, a retaining appliance must be made to hold the space so that the permanent tooth will not come in the wrong place. In nearly every case it is safe to give nitrous-oxide-oxygen as an anaesthetic for children. Never allow a child to suffer any pain if you can avoid it. Either a local or a general anaesthetic should always be given.

Inquisitive Tommy

"Papa," said Tommy Treadway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall only answer one more question today. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, pop."

"Well, go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"

Some Hospitable Fiends

They mean well—oh, how well do they mean!

But with them, hospitality has extended into a kind of worrying torture, not only to the hostess, but to the poor unfortunates who wipe their blameless boots upon the door mat, little knowing what they are in for!

Mr friend, Mrs. Jenkins, has what is known as a kind heart, which, in these cold-blooded days of £ s. d. is absolutely priceless. But, all the same, guests fly as chaff before her.

She smother you with kindness as it were.

Take the sad case of Florrie and the chocolate cake.

Florrie and I went one day to take tea with Mrs. Jenkins. It is rather unfortunate that Florrie has a weak digestion, whilst Mrs. Jenkins likes people to make a hearty meal, and bakes all her own cakes and very delicious they are, too.

"What!" cried Mrs. Jenkins. "Not finished already, Florrie—you must try a cream bun—or, wait, some of this chocolate cake. I keep the recipe a secret! You really must taste it."

Useless for Flo to protest that she could not, would not eat—that she was debarred from cream and from chocolate. It was ordained that she must and would eat.

In the end, a large slab was placed firmly upon her plate. Mrs. Jenkins by that time was most injured, and seemed to think that her cooking was at fault. "But the cake is so light—it couldn't possibly hurt anyone!" she kept on saying.

Short of being absolutely, brutally rude, there was no escape.

(Florrie had a bad attack of indigestion, her dire enemy, that night. She didn't get over that cake for days.)

There are other kinds of hospitable fiends. They don't all

smother you with food, willy nilly, but they one and all smother you with kindness!

There's the dear soul who presses soft cushions upon those guests who prefer to sit bolt upright. There's the hostess who keeps you talking for minute after minute after you've got your coat and hat on, preparatory to departure. There's always so much to say at the end of one's visit! Little does such a hostess reckon of the time.

There's the hostess who rushes you off your feet during your week-end visit, dashing about from place to place when you really need a rest. She's trying so hard to make your visit as interesting as possible!

I always feel so sorry for the hostess who shows her anxiety to make her parties a success. Nothing can be more fatal to conviviality. The hostess wears herself out beforehand in preparations and arrangements—and, just when she ought to be fresh and lively, she is tired and overwrought, and looks it, too. Parties like that are always a failure. Preserve me from the over-anxious hostess!

We can't help liking the hospitable fiends—indeed, they're so unselfish and good-natured, so anxious to please, that we bear them as good temperedly as we can. After all, as I said before, they mean so well—and if you are pressed to stay to dinner and find that there isn't enough to go around, and that someone has to go short because you are there—well, try to remember that your hostess asked you in an impulsive burst of good nature and friendliness, with no thought to the state of her larder, and let such small irritations pass.

But, all the same, what a pity it is that the over hospitable hostess can't see where she fails—and reform!

About The Rooming-House Keeper

"Yes, you certainly do meet some odd people in the course of a year when you keep a rooming house," remarked Mrs. Badger. "There was that pair called Pettles, mean, I never met such a mean woman in all my life."

"You know I used to be real kind to that woman. I would tell her that if she wanted to make a stew or do any baking she might just as well put it in my oven, or on the stove in the kitchen and that would save her gas stove. I did it day after day, practically cooked her meals so that they were ready to put in their mouths when they came home from business, and they weren't poor either. They both worked. She was manageress in a ladies' wear place and got about \$40.00 a week and he worked at something in the C. P. R. and made a good wage too, but she was so mean she could hardly live. She always walked to work, wouldn't spend a nickel on the car to save her life. Well, she never once offered me anything for cooking their meals, not once, just 'Oh thank you Mrs. Badger, it's awfully good of you!'"

"I got fed up with it and was just going to tell them to get out when one day down she comes and says they have decided to go in a suite. They went, and a few days after she phones and asks if she could have two plates she had put on the bedroom and cupboard doors, they were made of nickel and cost twenty cents, and she wanted me to mail them to her. I never mailed them, and along she comes to get them in about a week. I engaged her in conversation and a letter or telegram came for her while we was talking which caused her so much excitement that she walks off without her plates, but sure enough the following Sunday she comes down, they was just out for a walk she says, I knew they would never have spent the car fare, however, she got her plates and went merrily away."

A few nights after she phones up and invites Blatchford and me over to their suite, well of all the dope she served up—some dry bread with paste out of a little ten cent tin spread over it and a

cup of coffee that you could see through.

"I thought I would make her feel small and so I invited her over to dinner next Sunday. I bought a turkey and all the trimmings and kept piling her plate up and pressing her to eat, but did that shame her, no sire, she wanted to come again. I might have known she would be only too glad to save a meal at any price."

"As true as I'm here she would get half a pound of cheese for their dinner and save enough out of it to do for their supper and once when her husband needed a new overcoat, the poor fellow was shivering with the cold, they had a fight, and she said men didn't know the value of money!"

* * *

"Then there was Tom Thumb and his wife. He was a horrid little fellow and she was a nice little woman, but so fussy and so fond of the little scamp it made me weep to look at 'em. She went to work and hurried home every Thursday night to give him her pay envelope which she never touched, and she would fuss herself up and run to the door to meet 'dear Tom' and raise her little face up to kiss him, and I've seen the little brute just push her face away. I heard he was saving up on the money she earned so that he could run away and leave her. He imagined that every woman he met was in love with him and she was just as bad. Her whole thought was centred on the little rascal and she used to sit eating her heart out, while he went gallivanting in the evenings."

Dearer Than He Thought

Demobilized Tommy Atkins (gazing at price cards in shop)—"They told me I was fighting for dear life, but I never dreamed it was going to be so dear as this."

Clever Rascal

"How extravagant of you to pay £50 for a diamond ring for me!"

"Not at all—I shall save on your glove bills."

In Love With His Cane

In "The Blue Bird" Maeterlinck brings out the fanciful idea that things as well as folks have souls.

The Bread, the Wood, the Butter, and the like are all Persons. This is one of the joys of madness, which perhaps, has more amusements than sanity.

Ben Hecht tells of an interview with a friend of Couperus, one of the latest of foreigners literary who is an American fad.

It was in Amsterdam. Couperus was to have come, but he had a stomach ache and could not.

This should not have surprised them, however. I have read one of Couperus' works. I should judge he has the stomach ache all the time.

Hecht calls these books "erie grotesque, studies in decomposition, quavering harmonies of the flesh," and says Couperus is "a fastidious maniac, playing with the delicate garbage of dead bodies and dying souls."

But, mad or not, this author is redeemed, in the eyes of all who love diversion, and for whom whimsicality needs no apology, by his pure and loyal love for his cane.

"How can a man," said Couperus' friend, "be tedious who is in love with his walking stick? It

is touching. He takes it for long rides on the cars, leaning it with head out of the window. He buys a separate seat for it in the theatre. He is devoted to the walking stick, and always sets it up in a chair opposite him at dinner.

"He once had a watch that he loved, but it stopped, and he fancied it had insulted him, and after denouncing it bitterly, hurled it into a canal.

"He lived as a hermit until he met his walking stick. He believes have souls vastly superior to the heavy, misshapen consciousness of people."

Since reading this I feel more kindly toward Couperus. Who can help loving a little any man who can love a stick?

At least it's clean.

A good many of our modern poseurs and spotlighters have, spiritually dirty fingernails. They perk their poor fragment of sense into anything but shocks, and do not even object to obscenity. They remind me of what Macaulay wrote of the Byronic cult:

"From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which two great commandments were to hate your neighbor and love your neighbor's wife."

Grey Is Now Fashionable

Grey, in the light French shade, has been a good deal to the fore this past week at the smart restaurants at luncheon and tea time. It may be that the present popularity of petit girls has something to do with this, for the Parisian is careful to match her hosiery with her wrap, and this in turn has its influence on the dress beneath the wrap, and the hat above it.

A very smart woman all in grey, however, seen at the Ritz, did not have a fur wrap, but a straightline coat of heavy, almost shaggy grey woolen goods, over a grey dress, and worn with a felt hat.

Another woman wore a small shape of gray panne and lynx with a black suit; and two or three women seen that same afternoon at the Ritz wore hats with black seal wraps.

Black is probably the predominating shade. French women always wear a great deal of black, more than ever this season. The black coats of a sort of cheviot which Renee made this fall are a type frequently seen; and there is a great deal of black velvet both for dresses and wraps, although for afternoon, warm shades of brown are favorites in this fabric.

Black satin wraps, matelasse, and widely bordered in fur, are still worn by smart women.

When the women throw off their wraps at the tea tables, one has opportunity to note any number of plain black crepe dresses, usually with the shoulder to shoulder neckline, and still the best dressed women at the Ritz that same afternoon wore a dress with elliptical neckline, but with long tightly fitting sleeves that extended well over the wrists.

The rust shades are still much talked of, both for now and for the spring, but one does not really see nearly so much of it as might be expected. The most interesting novelty color of the moment, because of its inclusion in many of the new model collections, is green. One sees a little of this about town, still some jade for the evening, but in the daytime a slightly stronger shade. A very attractive woman at the Frolics recently wore a small black hat with a ribbon of this stronger green, and left her wrap open to show a dress of the same shade of green.

Another wore a small toque of monkey fur and green feathers, with a squirrel cape lined in green.

The Adventure of Love

I am not married, and I think that all unmarried girls who are not engaged like to feel as I do. I like to look forward to the great adventure of love. Today may be dull and banal, but who knows what tomorrow will hold? Tomorrow—that some day that may bring love and sweetness in its train—the lover who has, so far, tarried by the way, but will come in time. . . .

"Some day, some day, some day I will meet you; Love, I know not when or how—"

There's a fatalist ring about that old fashioned song. Some day, somewhere, love is waiting.

Of course I want to get married. Every womanly girl wants a man to look after, children to cuddle to her breast. It's a tragedy to think that so many girls never get married, never know these wonderful joys, but sit in the stalls and look on all the time.

But we never know what tomorrow will bring.

Love the Adventurer keeps us guessing all the time—plays football with our hearts—perhaps shows us love only to snatch it away again—lures us on with the elusive promise of wonders round the next corner of life!

There's a certain spice in being not married and not engaged, you

know. There's a spice and excitement about the future. What will he be like? I wonder how soon I will meet him? What is my life going to be?

A girl with all these questions settled never again feels the little thrills that tomorrow with its new friends and new interests brings to an unattached girl.

Of course I want to meet my unknown man soon, but the waiting is a happy time. Love the Adventurer, sees to that. He is always whispering in my ear that perhaps I have met him at last. . . . ?

A married woman once told me that, looking back, the time before she met her husband was a very happy one, although she did not realize it then. She could go out and about and enjoy herself with no responsibilities dragging at her heels. Marriage brings ties—dear ties—and is the happiest time of all in spite of its ups and downs, but one wants to have a good care free time before one settles down.

And Love the Adventurer, is always there, ready to whisper of the promise of tomorrow. For to the unmarried girl more than to anyone else, tomorrow has an elusive, beckoning charm. What may it not hold—what pleasures may it not bring?

GUESTS I DETEST

By a Hostess.

The guest who never answers my invitation until the last possible moment, so that I cannot make any plans at all until everything has to be done in a scramble.

* * *

Who states the time of the train by which she will arrive, and then of course, I make arrangements to meet her; but she arrives either by an earlier or a later train.

* * *

Who always loses her luggage on the way, or a handbag containing all her money, or a brooch that she would not lose for anything, and my husband has to interview lost property people, and be put to any amount of bother. Also, we never hear the end of the matter from our guest!

* * *

Who has decided religious views, and besides endeavoring to convert us all, solemnly stalks off to her own particular sect on Sunday, and lets us have a resume of the sermon during dinner.

* * *

Who argues on anything and everything, from politics (which makes my old man foam at the mouth, as she doesn't know the first thing about politics) to bathing babies (and, as she's never had any children in her life, she makes me cross) or keeping a house (at once, my maid gives notice).

* * *

Who is never punctual for meals, but who won't have her breakfast in bed, and keeps us waiting instead until the bacon is congealed and the sausages more like fat bathing women than ever!

* * *

Who is a crank about her meals and delicately nibbles at a raw carrot the while we heartily demolish beef steak pudding. I have to think out special menus all the time, and fly to buy a special brand of China tea because she cannot possibly drink anything else.

* * *

Who stays on—and on—and on—until she wears out her welcome and my patience!

MY FEATHERED FLOCK

So many amateur poultry keepers are tempted by the many advertisements of egg producing spics. If you value your birds, have none of them, for in a short space of time fowls "doctored" with them will be ruined. Certainly they stimulate the egg organs, but eventually kill the birds. There is no need to have recourse to them if the hens are kept in perfect health.

During the winter months poultry mustard is very beneficial. This must not be confounded with spices that contain red pepper. Many experiments have been made with mustard, and it has been found to keep the birds in perfect health by increasing the secretion of gastric juices, and thus promoting a good digestion. If a hen is expected to lay well during the winter, it is necessary for her to have a healthy appetite and eat sufficient materials to turn into eggs. When poultry mustard or "mustard bran," are used, it should be given at the rate of three heaped teaspoonsful to every six birds. Mix this well with the mash to ensure it being evenly distributed.

A very interesting experiment was made some years ago with three pens of birds. One pen was fed naturally, the second had red pepper given, and the third had mustard added to the mash. At the end of twelve months the mustard-fed birds had laid the greatest number of eggs, the pepper-fed ones the least. The hens were killed and examined. The organs of those fed naturally were fair, the pepper-fed ones had very enlarged livers, those given mustard were found to be in a perfect organic condition. This experiment speaks for itself. Proper poultry mustard should be used, not the ordinary household stuff, and its use should be discontinued after May, and not restarted until the cool days of autumn come along.

Take Care of the Babies

The saving of child life is attracting more and more attention both by governments and cities. Teaching how infants should be fed, nursed and doctored are features of the various campaigns. To impart all this instruction there are talks, lectures, mothers' meetings, meetings of medical men and nurses, and the use of moving pictures.

The fact has been clearly demonstrated that in a very large number of homes there is the most elemental conception of the proper care of infants. The results of this ignorance it is shown was nearly as harmful to child life as an unsatisfactory milk supply.

Measures have been adopted in England to preserve child life that are worthy of most serious consideration. Statistics prove that the deaths among children in a great many English cities have, of recent years, been greatly lessened.

Some of the means used to reach this coveted end were the engaging of doctors to visit the homes of the poor and instruct young mothers in the necessity of keeping their little ones absolutely clean, employing young doctors to treat ailing infants free of charge, improving sanitary conditions—dangerous menaces to infant life, providing hygienic milk, the removal of very weak infants and their mothers to health resorts teaching mothers the importance of keeping not only their homes clean, but the proper care of yards and surroundings generally, special instructions to young mothers in combating infant diseases. Finally, sweeping away of many congested areas, which led to much infant mortality.

Apart from the human aspect in the unwarranted loss of child life—the most important of all—is the loss to the state itself by the slaughter of the innocents.

BOOKS

Books are the land where friendly people dwell,
The happy land where loved ones never die;
The young stay young, the old continue well,
How'er neglected in the dust they lie.
Within the pages born of human thought
We live again the battles men have fought
And share their glad romances, old and new,
And though we change, our books are always true.

We can desert these friends for many years
And then return to them and sit awhile
And find the same sweet comfort for our tears,
The same brave, happy friend to make us smile.
The wise philosopher upon the shelf remains
To prove to us the glory of our pains.
Who owns a few good books need never sigh
For he has friends who were not born to die.

Age does not mar the charm of women fair,
Success is never followed by conceit,
Men do not sour beneath the touch of care
Nor change their natures with one small defeat.
What once was lovely lives on lovely still,
Time hath no power the bloom of youth to kill,
And all the brave are brave unto the end
Just as they were when first their lives were penned.

There are two worlds through which we all may range—
The living world where humans come and go,
Where every day brings on its sudden change,
And what will be no man can surely know;
And then there is that wonder land of books,
A dusty land of shelves and halls and nooks,
And there, in spite of time and hurt and pain,
Unchangeable, the friends we've loved remain.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

When you go out for your Christmas presents don't adopt the attitude that the young men or women who wait on you are personally responsible for their stock in trade. In the small town store where perhaps the man who waits on you is the owner or proprietor of the store and buys his stock it may do some good to suggest to him that you don't like what he shows and to give him an idea of what you would like instead. But this doesn't do any good in the large shop where the man or woman who sells usually has little or nothing to do with the buying policy of the store and is certainly not responsible for the selections or prices he offers.

When there are many shoppers watch carefully when you arrive

at a certain counter and then wait your turn. It would be a splendid idea if when the shops are crowded there was some way of registering arrivals at busy counters so that they could be waited on in turn without any confusion. But since this is not the case the only thing to do is to play fair and take your turn. If you like you may make a point of getting the eye of the salesperson for whom you wish to wait. But having once let her know of your arrival do not keep fidgeting about trying to wedge in now at one side and now at another. There is always an advantage in going to a certain salesperson in a certain shop for certain articles. Then when you arrive to be waited on you are known at once and as soon as your turn comes you receive attention. Busy men and women, many of them realizing the advantage of shipping where they are known, adopt this method simply because of the time it saves for them when they wish to shop in a hurry.

GOOD-BYE

Do not say that when I go,
Bitterly your tears will flow,
Do not moan that you will be
Desolate for loss of me,
For my spirit ne'er could sleep
Knowing you remain to weep.

Rather promise that in spring
You will walk unsorrowing
Through the paths our love time
knew
While I yet remained with you;
And that you will gladly say,
"Here we strolled on such a day
When she let me touch her hair—
Brush it with my lips—and there
Sat we such an afternoon,
Listening to woodbird's tune."

Then, when valley lilies bloom,
Shut your eyes—Their dear perfume
Freighted with my love, will bring
Me to you, remembering.
—Annie Crim Leavenworth.

Not His Sort

The other day a little fellow of middle class parents and dressed accordingly was having a merry romp on the esplanade, rolling around on the concrete walk regardless of his clothes entirely. During a pause in his play his mother said to him, pointing to two boys in immaculate white suits: "Look, dear, wouldn't you like to be nice and clean like those children there?"

"Huh!" replied the youngster scornfully, "they're not children; they're pets."

Glad to Help

Boy Scout (to old lady): "May I accompany you across the street, madame?"
Old Lady: "Certainly, sonny. How long you been waitin' here for somebody to take you across?"

Suspicious

"I dunno whether that feller is engaged in some shady occupation or not. But—"

"Well?"
"There's something mighty suspicious about the way he minds his own business."

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

My dear Boys and Girls:

I think most of you must have been very busy writing to Santa Claus during this last month because you have not been writing to me as much as you should, but now that things are getting back to normal again I expect to see those interesting envelopes addressed "Aunt Betty" more frequently on my desk.

This morning I received a short note from a little lad who said he was eight years old, asking if he could belong to our page. Most assuredly he can. He has written his letter on a typewriter and it was really very well done for such a small boy.

I wonder how many of those beautiful Christmas toys which you received are still whole? I have a little city niece who received a dolly and a cradle and I am sorry to tell you that they are both broken already. Her little brother has kept his wagon because it was so much stronger, and he has also got an engine which runs on a track which he has not yet broken, but I will tell you a secret about that. He is not allowed to run it himself as he is hardly old enough to understand it and so he sits and watches while either his mother or his father work it for him and this method is much more satisfactory to all concerned, and I am quite sure that he will keep his toy much longer than he would otherwise.

On this page I printed an interesting letter from one of our girls at Eaton, Saskatchewan, and this week print a letter from a little American cousin of yours who has also written to me. She would like a Canadian correspondent, so if any of you would like to write to her and will send your name in to me, I will put you in touch with her. Address your letters to Aunt Betty, 903 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.

Affectionately,
AUNT BETTY.
(To be continued)

RIP VAN WINKLE

After poor Rip Van Winkle had made inquiries about many of his friends and found that they were all dead, he was in despair, and so he asked:

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "To be sure, that's him yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and saw an exact counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain—apparently as lazy and most certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now confounded. He doubted his own identity and wondered whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the self-important man demanded who he was and what was his name.

"Goodness knows!" exclaimed he at his wits end. "I'm not myself, I'm somebody else, that's me yonder, no that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night but I fell asleep on the mountain and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed and I can't tell what my name is or who I am!"

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. At this moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the crowd to get a peep at the old man. She had a chubby little child in her arms which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

"Hush Rip," she cried, "hush you little dear; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardiner."
"And your father's name?"
"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody knows. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had one more question to ask and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"
"Oh, she died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort in this news. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms and kissed them again and again.

"I am your father," cried he, "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!" Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood in astonishment until a poor old woman in the crowd tottered forward, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it, his face for a minute exclaimed: "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle; it is himself. Welcome home again old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty long years?"

(To be continued)

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last there came a very wet summer and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were flooded bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to look after the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining hard and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable. He turned and turned and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."
No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it and put his head out to see who was standing there in the rain.

(To be continued)

MY LOVELY DREAM

I once changed places with a bird; He lent his wings without a word, His little waistcoat of bright red, The feather cap from off his head.

The nursery window stood ajar; I sailed up to the sky so far. A big star winked at me and said, "You naughty boy, go back to bed."

But oh, I think the very best Was sitting cosy on the nest And drinking little cups of tea; Just Robin Red—and me.

But morning's great big restless eye Came peeping slyly through the sky, And I became just Robert Chambers, A little boy in blue pyjamas.

Letter to Aunt Betty

Dorchester, Nebraska,
January, 3, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betty:
We take the Watson Witness. I have been reading the children's corner and I think their letters are very interesting. I thought you would like to hear from a Nebraska girl.

We have no snow and scarcely any ice on the creeks and rivers at present. We are having nice, warm weather.

I am going to a country school, am in the eighth grade. I have a little brother in the first grade, and I have one sister who is older than I am.

There are twenty children going to our school. I have one-half mile to go to school.

One night our school had a weenie roast. We went to the creek and gathered leaves and brush and built a big bon-fire. The boys got big long sticks and made points on the end so we could roast weenies and marsh mallows, and we also had buns and pickles to eat.

After we were through eating, we played games around the bon-fire, and we had our pictures taken by the light of the bon-fire, but they weren't any good. Later we played hide-go-seek and then we all went home tired but happy.

If some of the Canadian children will write to me, I will gladly answer their letters.

Hoping to see my letter in print.

Sincerely yours,
HELEN HEEREN,
Dorchester, Nebraska.

WHITE SWISS

By Harriet Witney Durbin

Our bride-elect, in sweet distress,
Steals softly to my easy chair.
"I have to choose my wedding dress,"

She sighs. "Do tell me what to wear."

And as she perches on my knee I give her rosebud lips a kiss.

"My darling, if you're asking me, just let it be a plain white swiss."

"Oh, grandpa dear!" Her laughter chimes
Like measures rung by forest-fays.

"That stuff is years behind the times,
And no one wears it nowadays!"

She shows me bits of lace and silk,
And sample scraps of that and this,

Fine-woven, creamy pure as milk,
Far richer than the old-time swiss;

But dreams not, as she flits away,
How vividly that word has set
Before my mental view a day
Whose sweetness thrills my spirit yet—

Nor ever has a modern bride
Been fairer to a lover's eye
Than one, whose place was by
my side

That day, some forty years gone by.

Her locks of curling russet-brown
No filmy veiling rippled o'er,
And though a homemade wedding gown

With shy and modest grace she wore,
More perfectly she bloomed; and so

You'll not surpass, my dainty miss
The girl I wedded years ago—
Your grandma, in her plain white swiss.

Similar Lines

In spite of the advanced prices
The barber was blue, and the razor
he was wielding seemed to share
his discouragement. "I've just
about decided to open a butcher's
shop," he said reaching for the
powdered astringent.

"And will you close this one?"
his victim asked feebly.

English and Eggs

"Do you say that your hens
'sit' or 'set'?" asked the precise
pedagog of the busy housewife.

"It never matters to me what I
say," was the quick reply. "What
concerns me is to learn, when I
hear the hen cackling whether she
is laying or lying."

Pay your out-of-town accounts by
Dominion Express Money
Orders. Five Dollars costs
three cents.

CURRENT COMMENT

ON MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST TO DWELLERS
IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES OF CANADA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH VARIOUS
WESTERN QUESTIONS

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey is a cornerstone of the British Empire and it is clothed with a sentiment that is almost holy. The massive stones which form its foundation have been morticed in position by the honest mortar of ancient time, and the solidifying influence of antiquity. Tradition declares that on the present site of the great church the Imperial Romans raised a temple to Apollo. This shrine of the heathen deity is said to have been destroyed by an earthquake. Some years later, during the second century of the Christian era, a Christian church is said to have been erected by Sebert, a king of the East Saxons, who was a recent convert to Christianity. This barbarian potentate in the zeal of his new-found religion, dedicated it to "the honor of God and St. Peter." There is a legend of which we can still find some trace in the ancient chronicles of the miraculous appearance of St. Peter in person who came to bless the new church. When Sebert died, his son, who succeeded him, relapsed into the ancient idolatry of his race and the new edifice was neglected. The Norsemen who at that time came in out of a wintry sea, smother in their dragon ships and over-ran England, cared nothing for churches or Christianity, and the building fell into disuse. Edgar, one of the Saxon Kings, in later years restored the building, but it was Edward the Confessor, the last but one of the Saxon Kings, who truly and well established Westminster Abbey. He started the erection of a magnificent new church which was, however, not completed until after his death. It was consecrated on the 28th December, 1065, and very shortly afterwards the King died. In later years the Norman Kings continued the work and it has been added to from time to time until it has become one of the most notable and most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in Europe. Some of the carving in the interior is of exquisite and artistic workmanship.

But the chief attraction of Westminster Abbey to people of British blood lies not in the beauty of its architecture, but in its peculiar association with every epoch of the British people. It has long been the coronation place of the Kings of England as well as their burying place. They lie there beneath their graven effigies in silent state, attended by the greatest of their nobles, and those citizens whose imperial labors have won them resting places in that splendid mausoleum. It almost daunts the imagination to consider that from William the Conqueror upward, with the exception of Edward V, every King of England has been crowned within the precincts of the Abbey.

Beneath the coronation chair rests the Stone of Destiny. It was taken from Scone in Scotland by the warlike Edward I, who spent a lifetime endeavoring to subdue the stubborn northern people. This stone is so ancient that its origin has been lost in the darkness of antiquity. The ancient Celtic kings sat upon it to receive the crown, and tradition identified it with the pillow used by Jacob when he had the heavenly vision at Bethel.

There is nothing that is a stronger or more visible expression of the British Empire to the British people than Westminster Abbey. The beautiful Gothic arches, cunningly wrought by ancient craftsmen; the mouldy banners taken on many a hard fought battle field of long ago, which stir fitfully in the air currents; the tombs of kings and potentates; the effigies of famous warriors and great citizens who have contributed so much to their race and Empire; and the indescribable atmosphere of heroic antiquity all contribute in effect upon the imagination that is awe-inspiring and impressive.

Situated in the very heart of modern London, the visitor to the Abbey with the sound of the traffic in his ears, of the motor bus and taxicab; and of the unending stream of humanity which passes its doors, may walk with reverent tread over the bones of Edward the Confessor. William the Norman lies there and the long line of his stern and warlike descendants. The heroes of Agincourt and Cressy and many another battlefield lie within its walls, attended even in death by their great captains, keeping "state and semblance still." One transept is sacred to the ashes of warriors who "through stricken fields and ruined gaps" bore the banner of their country; another is inhabited by the mortal relics of great statesmen. There rise the effigies of lordly prelates who were the ministers of Plantagenet and Tudor Kings; the Cecils who in Elizabeth's time contributed so much to England's greatness. There in a high niche stands the effigy of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham who, in the eloquent words of Macaulay "seems with eagle face and outspread hand to be bidding England to be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes." Close at hand lies his son, and so on down to Gladstone, the great commoner of modern times. There is a Poets' Corner, and many of the great in literature and art rest within its precincts.

Westminster Abbey is the shrine of the Empire and is regarded with veneration by every good British citizen.

It is inevitable that time, the inexorable, should have made ravages on this ancient edifice and a movement is now under foot to have it restored and preserved. It would be the easiest thing in the world to have a few wealthy citizens contribute enough money to do all the work needful, but those who have it in charge have come to the conclusion that as the Abbey belongs not to London, nor to the Isles of Britain alone, but to every part of the Empire, all British subjects should have an opportunity to contribute to this work.

His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governors of various provinces, at his instigation, are attending to this matter in the Dominion. Appeals have been made through the press and when the robust Imperialism of Canada is taken into consideration it is not at all likely they will fall on deaf ears.

"Martha"

or
THE HOME OF
HER ADOPTION
BY E. L.

(All Rights Reserved)

"Hazel Brae" was the Branch Home for Girls in Canada, to which Martha and the rest of the little travellers were wending their way. Hazel Brae was an ideally pretty place, situated in a quiet Ontario town which, in some way managed to infuse into its atmosphere quite an old-world note. The house, at one time was a family mansion, but had been bequeathed to the Homes by a philanthropist interested in the work. It was situated on an up-rising piece of land and was indeed as one lady had aptly remarked, "A city set on a hill."

It was surrounded by sloping lawns and a real orchard. In the house itself, which was built of grey stone and was ivy-covered, there were many spacious rooms. The older part of the house was reserved for the staff, and the new wing, which did not look quite so picturesque, was for the children, and contained a long dining room and a large dormitory, also the servants' quarters.

The establishment was essentially English, even in its Canadian setting. The children came from England and most of the staff was English. Meals were served in English fashion and indeed, once inside those walls there was a restraint and formality seldom realized in a colonial home, but withal there was the promise of hope and brightness in the future of the new world, which peeped in with the sun at the windows, and with the cheery nod and smile which the old man who had brought the girls' trunks from the station for twenty-five years, greeted each passerby.

And as the train steamed up from the east, with the new "party" which contained Martha and Glory, there was much excitement in the halls of Hazel Brae. The secretary, a pleasant, bright faced woman with yet the history of many sad stories, and the knowledge of the hardness of the world to little helpless children in her eyes, stood at the door waiting for the capable looking matron to accompany her to the station to meet the travellers.

She had done this several times a year for many years, but she anticipated the arrival of each new party with just the same feeling of wonder and excitement as the last. The children were individuals to her and she was anxious that each one should have the very best opportunity to make the most of her life in the vast new country to which she had come.

In the office there was too, a twister of excitement.

"I wonder who will be the pretty one this time," remarked a tall, red-headed girl of about eighteen summers.

"Oh Lila," laughed a busy stenographer, looking over at her mischievously, "that is your only worry, who will be the pretty one? Do you never think of

anything but looks, my dear? I am quite sure that no matter how pretty she will not be able to out-do your golden curls."

Lila blushed furiously and subsided. Her passion for the beautiful in both male and female was well known and was often the source of much twitting on the part of her companions.

"Handsome is as handsome does!" proceeded her tormentor, "and what worries me about this new party is who will be the one who returns from her place once a month and whether there will be any screaming virago that it may fall to my lot to accompany from the station and to it from time to time. Sally Lane of the last party has just returned for the tenth time in six months and where to place her poor Miss Mitchell does not know."

"Poor little beggar!" murmured Lila sympathetically.

Mary Blatchford, a keen-eyed, sensible little person, looked over somewhat gently at the red-haired beauty of the staff and remarked:

"You are rather silly you know Lila, but you are a good, soft-hearted little girl after all. Of course it takes all kinds to make the world," and she smiled as she busily tip-tapped her twenty-fifth "friendly" letter to one of the hundred proteges who wrote into the "Homes" every day.

"This sounds like a beauty," exclaimed Lila impulsively, as she came to a name in the advance list of the new party which she was carefully copying and checking.

"Glorianna Sinclair, an orphan," she read out, "quite unusual in appearance and in character, of good birth; refined in manners, a talented dancer. Mother was on the stage, father disinherited."

"Sounds like a romance, doesn't it?" remarked Mary, who for all her supposedly practical common sense, was just as ready to enjoy a story of romance or adventure as Lila was, although not venture as Lila was, although she would not admit it, "but what an awful name for the child. I sincerely hope she is pretty, it is a terrible name to dub a plain child with. She would have to be pretty to carry it off."

"If you two don't get down to business everything will be behind hand when the party does arrive and you will wish you hadn't spent quite so much time discussing romance," remarked a sober, dignified young woman, seated at a desk in the extreme end of the room. "I can see Miss Mitchell's face if she can't get that list when she comes in."

"The Oracle hath spoken!" exclaimed Mary, as she tapped quickly again at her machine and Lila buried her golden head in her record.

All was quiet for a few minutes when the door burst open with a rush and the "baby" of the office, who licked the stamps and, as the others said, put herself in the way generally, darted in with the words:

"Here they come, the new party, hurry up, they are at the bottom of the walk!"

(To be continued)

Women's Corner

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS
BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

HAPPINESS! What a mad rush hundreds of people are today making for happiness. And alas, so often the fruits of their seeking simply turns to ashes in their mouths. Behind all the mistakes, even the crimes of humanity, it seems to me there is a pathetic note of this child-like hungering for happiness. The man who steals does not do so just for the sake of stealing and to break the law, but because he hopes that the acquiring of the thing he desires will bring him happiness.

The spendthrift and the rake who spends his nights in the dance hall, deafened by the ceaseless blare of the jazz orchestra and the lurid glare of too bright lights, does not pursue his course in order that he may ruin his health, soften his brain and become a spectacle from which sensible people turn in disgust. No, in his dissipation and the gaiety in which there is a world of tragedy, for there are none so sad as they who strive and work so hard to be merry, he is working for that elusive and beautiful thing which we call happiness.

It is alas, because of our materialism that we have come to seek so feverishly for happiness in the things which we can see and hear. Happiness is intangible. It is because of its elusive quality that just when we have gained what we thought contained happiness for us it evades us and is gone. I know a very dear woman who, when she was young was maid to the young ladies of a very noble and wealthy house in England. There were five daughters and they had all that could be supposed to give them happiness, youth, beauty, wealth, but she said, "They were often miserable, I have known them to be gay and bright preparing for a ball where they expected to have such a wonderful time, and to return home and throw themselves on their beds in a passion of weeping because some one there had had more attention than they had had, or because of some other trivial happening which had spoiled the whole affair for them. It was there, my dear," she said to me once very gravely, "that I learned how impossible it was for money, or

things to bring happiness to the human heart."

Yes, as we grow older, and sometimes wiser, we learn that happiness is from within, not without. The spending of a lot of money and the excitement of dancing and theatre going does not satisfy our true selves. It may bring forgetfulness to a mind diseased, but the awakening to reality is but the more painful.

And then there are such different ideas as to what happiness truly is. I have seen a young wife sit and mope because she could not attend every dance of the season; have heard her rail at the dullness of evenings in the house, and again I have seen people forced to attend social functions which they abhorred when they would have given worlds to sit quietly at home with a book, which all goes to prove that happiness or unhappiness is a state of mind, not of conditions.

In these days of the gramophone, cards and dancing I sometimes wonder if we are to lose the art of conversation. Surely each one of us could do something to revive it. It seems that so many meal times are occupied with the discussion of the family finances, the state of the crops, or what happened today to the exclusion altogether of the larger happenings of the world which cannot fail to be of interest to us if we but give a little time and thought to them.

Of course there are occasions when it is unsafe to mention matters political if those who converse are of opposite views and have strong feelings on the matter, but surely even in this case reasonable people should be able to talk and advance their views without arousing antagonism where there is a difference of opinion. I am sure you have all spent, as I have, agonizing moments with people when it seemed that there was nothing to talk about but the state of the weather, Tommy's attack of measles, or the baby's new tooth, upon which occasions a remark regarding any question of the day would be greeted with a blank stare and you felt as though you had said something you shouldn't. Perhaps later, as the times advance and we read more and learn more we shall find it easier to talk to advance our own thoughts and to listen to the thoughts of others, which latter accomplishment, by the way is one of the chief attributes of a brilliant conversationalist, paradoxical as it may sound. He or she who holds the floor for an hour or more at a time is not a conversationalist but rather a lecturer or public speaker from which we all pray to be defended, in private life at least.

At one time in Paris there were famous salons and history tells us of one or two remarkable women who received the greatest men and women of the day and in whose wonderful reception halls many brilliant conversations took place. We do not read that they danced much, played cards much, or that there was a gramophone, but that there was a wonderful drawing power is a fact which has been recorded that all may read, and I believe that it was because they were able to converse freely with those who could understand and appreciate that some of the greatest minds of that country gathered again and again to receive and exchange ideas.

While it is not necessary to have a central salon, I do think that if each family endeavored to improve this weak spot in its armour and to talk about really

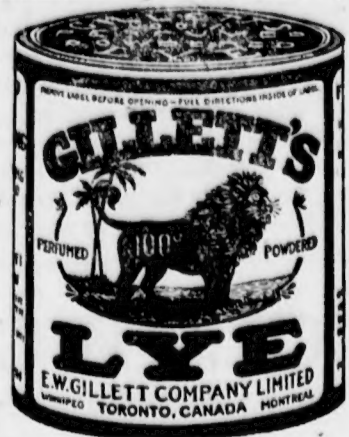
Remit by Dominion Express Money Order. If lost or stolen, you get your money back.

Real Humor

"I'm putting on a show for the boys from France, and I want something funny. What do you suggest?" "Show them some battle-scenes from the war movies produced while they were away."

They Go On Forever

The good die young was never said of a joke.



interesting things the life of the community would be enriched and improved to a remarkable extent. Thinking and expressing one's thoughts about the greater issues of life, and concerning ourselves with the larger concerns of the world cannot fail to make us have a wider and broader viewpoint than is possible when we think of nothing but the happenings within our own four walls.

I am printing one or two other household hints this week which I trust will be useful to you. Prairie Woman is anxious to hear from all who may care to write to her through this column. Life in these days contains many sad and strange complications and there may be some lonely woman who has no one in whom she cares to confide. If so, and she will get into communication with me, I shall be glad to do all in my power to advise and help, and her confidence will be held inviolate. I am especially interested in your domestic problems and am willing to seek for any information desired on any matter of moment to you. Address your letters Prairie Woman, 903 McCallum-Hill Bldg., Regina, Sask.

From Mrs. C. H., Canora, Sask.

Old wool socks and sweaters that are too torn to be worn can be unraveled and made into prize winning rugs simply by taking an old jute bag and cutting it to desired size (allowing enough for a seam clear around) and then take your wool in strands (about as thick as your finger) and pull it through the sack with a home made hook, made from an old spoon or comb or wood. The hook can be a straight piece of wood cut to form a hook similar to a crochet hook, but much larger and about 8 inches long. The wool can be dyed to colors desired and letters or animals worked out are very nice.

Large oyster shells we find in rivers are very useful and pretty soap and pin trays when two shells are fastened together by tiny screws.

LAWS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Exemptions Act

There are several points of interest to women in this act. Furniture, household furnishings and dairy utensils are exempt from seizure under a writ of execution to the extent of five hundred dollars.

In the case of death of an execution debtor of a chattel mortgage, his property is exempt from seizure under execution or under the mortgage shall be so exempt as against the personal representative if the said property is in the use and enjoyment of the widow and children or widow and children of the deceased and is necessary for their maintenance.

Meeting of Premiers

Premiers Lloyd George and Briand will meet for a conference on German disarmament January 25, it was announced recently.

WANTED

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request. HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO., PATENT ATTORNEYS, 30 SHIPMAN CHAMBERS, OTTAWA, CANADA

INVENTIONS

PUZZLE---FIND THE CLOWN



- 1st Prize Phonograph
- 2nd Prize Wrist Watch
- 3rd Prize Moving Picture Machine
- 4th Prize Printing Press
- 100 Prizes of Each a Fountain Pen

All you have to do to enter this Contest is to find the clown, mark the place with an X and send it to us, together with your name and address. If your answer is correct we will at once send you a package of Economy Ink Powder for your trouble and also full particulars of another simple condition that you can easily fulfil, and then you will be entitled to one of the larger prizes also. This is well worth trying as you will get the Ink Powder FREE BY RETURN MAIL, besides the chance to get one of the more valuable prizes without it costing you one cent of your money. You had better send Quick as this offer may not last very long. Send your answer to LADY DAINTY, Dept. P. Toronto.

Then the Fun Began



JAMES PHILLIPS

McLAUGHLIN and FORD GARAGE

FORD and McLAUGHLIN CARS.

If you want a good Second Hand Car call and see us.
We have one Ford in good running order and one
McLaughlin also in good order.
Will sell or trade for quick turnover, or will sell on time.
Also one new Top Bnggy and Democrat at a Bargain.

CLUB CAFE

CIGARS, CIGARETTES and SOFT DRINKS

W. POXON, Proprietor

REAL ESTATE LOANS INSURANCE

H. A. EVANS

NOTARY PUBLIC

Office: Municipal Hall.

W. H. BRUELS

G. W. McNEIL

CARBON GARAGE & SUPPLY COMPANY

Dealers in CHEVROLET NASH & DODGE CARS

We have two second-hand FORDS
They are exceptionally good buys.

ALEXANDRA CAFE

Breakfast	6.30 to 9.00 a.m.
Lunch	12.00 to 2.00 p.m.
Supper	5.30 to 7.30 p.m.

Short Orders a la Carte

Catering for Parties and Dances Ice Cream and Candy
All White Help

THE STOP MINE

is now open under new management of

The International Construction & Mining Co.

Capacity 50 ton a day. Price \$5.00 a ton at the mine.

No delay in waiting as we can load 3 teams at the time.

JAMES AIELLO, Manager.

NOTICE

If you are figuring on Installing a Furnace or
Troughing your House, I can save you money.

I also do Repair Work

Bring Your Pails and Pans that have Holes in
them and have them Repaired

C. E. HANNAY, Tinsmith

DRAYING

and

COAL HAULING

at reasonable prices

HARRY DOLING

CARBON

PUBLIC NOTICE

is hereby given that any person
dumping refuse in the Municipal
District of Carbon No. 278 will be
prosecuted.

By Order
THE COUNCIL

Why suffer with pain in your Eyes
or Headaches, see

M. M. Mercklenburg

the reliable Eye-Sight Specialist on
Saturday, February 5th.

at Carbon Hotel, and at Swallow
Monday, February 7th.

Glasses to suit anybody.

Charges moderate.

When a Moro gives a dinner
party the repast is spread upon a
floor covered with banana leaves.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday School, 2.00 p.m.

Church Service, 7.30 in Carbon.

Mr Piper will preach at all three
points.

Subject: An Apology to Mark

PERMIT NEEDED FOR FIREARMS INCANADA NOW

Some recent prosecutions in different parts of the country have drawn attention to the fact that a permit is required for the possession as well as the carrying of explosive weapons, including revolvers, air rifles and silencers for such weapons.

There is only one exception to the law, any British subject in possession of a shot-gun, which he owned before July 1, 1920, does not require a permit for that particular weapon, but if acquired after that date, there is no exception made. The securing of a permit, however, is very simple, as it may be granted by almost any judicial officer, including police, justices of the peace or issuers of hunting licenses.

VILLAGE COUNCIL

Meeting Held January 24th

The Council at its meeting this week appointed as scavengers Trumbley & Grey, to clean up around the Village once a month, starting April 1st, 1921.

Also appointed as Village Constable Arthur Fletcher to see that the By-Laws are put in force, and maintain order within the Village.

A resolution was passed that the Secretary-Treasurer make out all Hospital accounts to patients for actual expenses incurred for provisions, medicines and nurses.

The lighting agreement was gone over and a few minor alterations made.

A resolution was passed that the Village borrow from the Bank what money is required to pay all outstanding accounts.

A resolution was also passed to put the Act for the recovery of taxes in force.

In the issue of the Carbon News of December 16th, an article was published in the form of a letter to the Editor signed "A 100 p.c. Canadian." In writing this article I did so without much thought as to the possible consequences, and did not intend to give offence to any particular person. As the article has led to considerable trouble and appears to have created a good deal of ill feeling, I sincerely regret its publication. I have no wish to make trouble and desire to live in peace and harmony with my neighbors, and I am writing this in the hope that it will be accepted in the spirit in which it is written, and that the ill feeling caused by the article in question may be removed.

I trust that those who have taken personal offence at the article will accept my assurance that I had no desire to do them any harm, and will, in the interests of good feeling in the Community, join with me in treating the incident as closed.

HUBERT PRTERS.

The spider's web is a liquid which has been hardened from contact with the air.

A. SHELINE

AUCTIONEER

If you contemplate holding a Sale, see me as
My Prices are Right. I Guarantee All Settlements.

YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

Reference: Merchants Bank of Canada.

For dates, See Mr. Peters, Carbon News

THREE HILLS

Phone 11

Alberta

W. L. TOLTON

AUCTIONEER

For Sales and all other informations address to

HARRY EVANS, - - - Clerk

ALEX REID & SON

Village Lots for Sale from \$50.00 up.

Also several Good Farms from 160 acres up to 640 acres
in size. The Finest Wheat Lands in Alberta.

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public

(Also of Ontario Bar)

Local Agent for

Dominion Life Assurance Co.

Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale

CARBON - - - Alberta

FOR SALE.—Registered Clyde
Stallion, 10 yrs old. Broke to
work. Perfectly gentle. \$225.00.
BRAMLEY BROS.

9tf Carbon

AUTO LIVERY

A new Dodge Car meets all
trains at Grainger.

Starts from Hotel at 10.00
a.m. and 4.00 p.m.

G. McNeil.

ON BEING A GENTLEMAN

What is a gentleman asks a newspaper of its women readers.

The women agree that a gentleman must be kind, considerate, honorable, truthful, respectable, intelligent and possess all other standard virtues.

The true nature of a gentleman has been under discussion for some 2400 years. In the fifth century B.C., the Chinese philosopher Confucius was asked by his disciple, Tzu-kung: "What is a gentleman?"

And Confucius replied: A gentleman puts words into deed, and sorts what he says to the deed. He is broad and fair. The vulgar are biased and petty."

Furthermore, we are told by Confucius, a gentleman "has no likes and no dislikes below heaven. He follows right. Gentleman trust in justice; the vulgar trust in favor."

Upon being questioned further by the persistent Tzu-Kung, Confucius replied: A gentleman considers what is right; the vulgar consider what will pay. A gentleman wishes to be slow to speak and quick to act. He helps the needy; he does not swell riches."

AT THE

FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

MAE MURRAY

featuring in

THE BIG LITTLE PERSON

CALGARY LIVE STOCK

STEERS Close this week

Choice	\$ 8.00
Good Butcher	7.25
Medium butcher	5.75
Common butcher	4.50
Feeding	5.25
Stockers	4.00

HEIFERS

Choice	5.75
Good butcher	4.00
Stockers	4.50

COWS

Choice	6.25
Good butcher	5.25
medium butcher	4.25
Common butcher	3.75
Stockers	3.75
Ganners	2.50
Springers	65.00

OXEN

Choice	4.50
Common	3.50
Canners	3.00

BULLS

Choice heavy butcher	4.50
medium butcher	4.00
Canners	3.00

VEAL

Choice light	7.00
Heavy calves	4.00

SHEEP

Wethers	7.50
Ewes	5.50
Lambs	10.00

HOGS

Off cars	14.75
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ASTRAY One Red Cow,
branded on left ribs. Apply
to JAMES GORDON, Carbon,
p 7-9

FOR SALE.—Pure Bred Barred
Rock Roosters. \$3.00; 2 for \$5.00.
FRANK MOSTERT.